

# Tattersall's Club Magazine

*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 11. No. 9. 1st November, 1938.





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INDEPENDENT FACTORY

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY  
Established 1858

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

*The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club*  
157 Elizabeth Street  
Sydney

Vol. 11.

NOVEMBER 1, 1938.

No. 9

*Chairman:*

W. W. HILL



*Treasurer:*

S. E. CHATTERTON



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*Secretary:*

T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 31st December, 1938 and Monday, 2nd January, 1939.



# The Club Man's Diary

Many happy returns on November 22 to Mr. J. H. O'Dea.

*When birdies chirp at break o' dea  
Their wild and joyous roundelay,  
With bright and early thoughts of  
you*

*We'll hail November twenty-two.*

\* \* \* \*

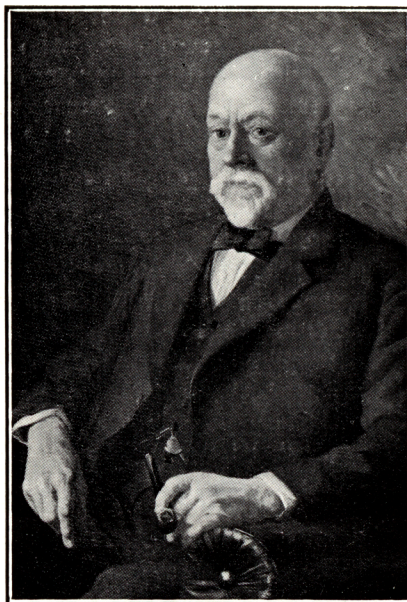
New Zealand breeds great horses. The presence of Mr. W. S. Glenn, whose colours are carried by the two-year-old, Beau Mari, reminds us that the Dominion also breeds great sportsmen. That is not to judge them altogether on their successes, but on their personal worth that is tested as much by successes as by failure. Mr. Glenn is typical of the New Zealanders who have come through that test, who have transplanted the silver fern of Maoriland to grow symbolically side by side with the waratah, a reminder of what we of the same race have common in sport.

No stranger to Australia is Mr. Glenn. He came across first in 1897 and in the following year took the field for the famous Wallaroos, what time Mr. Frank Underwood was playing for the equally famous Pirates—teams that remain a Rugby Union tradition. Mr. Glenn returned to New Zealand and was a member of the 1905 All Blacks that toured Great Britain suffering but one defeat—that disputed try of history in the match against Wales. With all due respect to the Wallaroos, Mr. Glenn must have been an exceptional player to make the selection in the 1905's. Call up the list and you will realise why.

Mr. Glenn owned In the Shade which ran second to Cragford in the Metropolitan of 1930 in time that was a record for the race up to that date. He was also interested in Maniapoto, winner of the Metropolitan of 1905.

In the Hunter River and Central Coast division of the Master Farmer Competition, the first prize was won by Mr. A. C. Ingham, of Parkville, Scone, with a total of 2,697 points out of a possible 2,800. To Club member Ingham, congratulations.

Here's the tribute of "The Sydney Morning Herald": "The winning farm was really outstanding, the owner having made a practice of paying attention to the smallest detail likely to improve the efficiency and revenue-producing capacity of his holding."



Mr. James Barnes.

Mr. James Barnes, born 1856, still going strong, returned recently from a tour abroad. He saw a great deal and generally had a good time, but is glad to be home.

\* \* \* \*

We are happy to record that Mr. S. J. (Steve) Simpson is now restored to health. Only a matter of time now when that boyish bloom will return to his cheeks.

To Fred Williams on his retirement as a trainer:—

*Fred, I fancy when the rosy dawn is  
breaking,  
And there shall be the hearty beat  
of hoofs  
Proclaiming Day, that scarce you'll  
be mistaking  
That you may drowse when sun rays  
bit the roofs.  
Some urge within your soul will fire  
a yearning,  
A custom of the years may then  
perforce  
Reclaim you. To the tracks you'll  
be returning  
For final gallops of some fancied  
horse.*

\* \* \* \*

Everybody is regretting that Mr. W. Higgins, of Waikanae, N.Z., and a member of this Club, should have found it necessary in the cause of health to return by plane to England not so very long after his arrival in the Dominion. He is a wonderful patron of racing. Horses he has owned have been raced in Sydney and in England, and he has seen the past five Derbies run in England. Mr. Higgins was for many years a member of the Wellington Turf Club.

He has gifts of character that make him a force in any enterprise or sport fortunate enough to claim his patronage. He has given greatly of his generosity, and sought little in return. Now he seeks health. Out of our hearts let us wish it him.

\* \* \* \*

With the winnings totalling £62,925, War Admiral, America's greatest horse to-day, has eclipsed the £62,366 of his famous sire, Man-of-War.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. L. S. Snider, managing director of National Theatres Corporation Pty. Ltd. and Snider and Dean Theatres Pty. Ltd., returned recently from a world tour. Mr. George Dean—the Dean of Snider and Dean—is at present abroad.



Motor car, steamer, aeroplane entered into the wedding in Sydney of Mr. Percy Stirton, of Weemelah, and Miss NESTA Kierath, of Narromine. To and from St. Philip's Church by car, the newly-weds later left for a honeymoon in New Zealand by the "Mariposa." Among their guests were three flown from Narromine by Mr. Dick Perry in his Leopard moth 'plane.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. R. H. Hudson, director of Makower McBeath & Co. Pty. Ltd. sailed recently on a business tour of the United States and Europe.

\* \* \* \*

Maeterlinck makes the point that of all the animals only the dog has broken through the pervading mists of suspicion to win a place of trust and affection on man's heartstone. He maintains that if the tables were turned and man became the subservient creature, the horse could be confidently expected to kick the former master's brains out without a twinge of remorse, the cat would catch him up like a mouse, while the hen would regard him as merely another luscious grub. The dog alone could be counted on to have sympathy for man.

\* \* \* \*

Better book now for the New Year's Eve dance and festival in the Club on Saturday, December 31, and avoid disappointment. This function is always regarded as being among the most popular of the year.

(Translated from the ancient Chinese of Akim Fou, poet at the Court of the Great Emperor Sheam—2000 B.C.):—

*Horsee line up at barrier.  
One me backee hurdled outsi'.  
Him run long way farther.  
Him run outsi' allee way. . . .  
Me savee now—"outsider."*

\* \* \* \*

Arthur Lorking's death, following an operation, was distressing news. He deserved more of life and better of Fate, for he was a devoted friend, kindly and generous, a sportsman in every sense of the word.

\* \* \* \*

Another member lost to us by death was Mr. John Michael Ryan, formerly of Cowra and Gooloogong, one of the sturdy country type and a genial companion.

\* \* \* \*

Lord Lonsdale, attending the inauguration of a new boxing stadium at Liverpool (England) revealed the secret that he had knocked out John L. Sullivan, heavyweight boxing champion of the world, in America in 1879 in five rounds.

"But before I achieved victory," Lord Lonsdale said, "Sullivan gave me a lively time, for I broke a bone in my chest and a thumb nuckle."

## Ode to November

*The Sun God is no longer shy  
He comes in saffron robes, the sky  
Suffusing with his shafts; a glow  
Transmitting to us here below.  
Last vestiges of winter's chill,  
The aches, the screws and all things  
ill,  
Which kept us moderately sober,  
We may despise once past October.*

*There shall be no reactions penal  
No anxious thoughts of duodenal,  
No fear of uric acid with  
That extra whisky—it's a myth.  
Likewise, we needn't pause or winge  
In abject terror of that twinge  
That strikes us in the lumbar region,  
And calls up cries and curses legion.  
In fact, a fellow, if he choose,  
May have a decent share of booze.*

*The Sun God's blessing falls on  
those  
Born in November. We propose  
A toast warm as his genial shine:  
Good fortune be for ever thine!*

—The Club Man

\* \* \* \*

Mr. W. St. E. Parsons, Sydney manager, Millar's Timber Trading Co. Ltd., is proceeding to Manila, P. I. and Eastern countries on a business visit by the Taiping, and expects to return in time for the Anniversary meeting next January.

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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## SYDNEY

---

28th October, 1938.

NOTICE is hereby given that a SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members of Tattersall's Club will be held in the Club Room on Monday, 21st November, 1938, at 8 p.m.

### BUSINESS :

To consider and, if thought fit, pass the following Resolutions :—

- (a) That the Committee, in the name of the Chairman, be authorised to purchase all that piece or parcel of land having a frontage of 24ft. more or less to Castlereagh Street, Sydney, by a depth of 72ft. 6in. more or less, upon which is erected a brick building known as 140 Castlereagh Street, Sydney, at and for a sum not exceeding £22,650.
- (b) That the Committee, in the name of the Chairman, be authorised to erect on such land a building and to effect alterations to the existing Club premises at a cost not exceeding £40,000.
- (c) That for the purpose of effecting such purchase, erecting such building and altering the existing Club premises, the Committee, in the name of the Chairman, be authorised to expend the funds of the Club now held by the Club or hereafter accruing or accumulating, and to borrow money by way of mortgage on the lands (including the land described in Resolution (a) ) of the Club.

By Order of the Committee,

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.

Note :—The property mentioned in Resolution (a) adjoins the Club premises on the Castlereagh Street frontage, southern side. The Committee recommends the purchase of this property to provide for the extension of the Club premises.



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# Shall We Abolish Tipping?

## Pro and Con

*Tipping will be outlawed at the New York World's Fair, according to present plans. Restaurants will add a 10 per cent. service charge. Guides, hat-check girls, bootblacks, washroom attendants, will be forbidden to accept tips. This will be America's largest effort to eliminate the tipping system.*

### Mr Pro Says "Yes":

Tipping is practically universal, and yet no sensible person has anything good to say for it. Neither the employee nor the customer likes it. A "Fortune" survey of opinion last summer showed a vote of only 23 per cent. favouring the system. Pullman porters, redcaps, waiters, bellboys are predominantly for adequate wage scales and no tips. At a State convention, hotel and restaurant workers went solidly on record against tipping, with a pledge to seek its abolition.

Progressive management doesn't like it. Lucius Boomer, head of the Waldorf-Astoria, says, "The lifting of service employment in hotels to a higher level is hindered, in my opinion, by the tipping system. There should be no argument as to the desirability of ultimately eliminating it." Other leading hotel men agree.

Tipping makes the customer uncomfortable. Practically everyone feels either angry or ashamed of the human race when the washroom attendant uses a whiskbroom to black-mail him out of a dime. This atmosphere of cringing demand is an outrage on both parties. Then there is always the jittery old question of just how much will do right by bellboy or chambermaid, without overdoing it.

The employee hates being forced to seek as a condescending favour what should be his just due for work done. Nor has he recourse when the Pullman passenger doesn't tip, or a party of eight with a 16-dollar cheque leaves 50 cents. From both sides of the fence that situation lacks honesty, decency and

either moral or economic justification.

Yet tipping is spreading. Lunch counter help begins to expect it; even soda clerks. Taxi drivers are forced by absurdly low wage scales to look to tips for a major part of their incomes. Women are starting to tip-bribe salesgirls to hold out juicy bargains for them. Money slipped across the counter will often get you a lower berth or an outside stateroom. In no time we shall be like the French, who must tip the postman to bring a registered letter, and the girl fetching a package from the shop.

Cynical absurdity reaches its height in the hat-check racket. The pretty girl never gets the tip. It goes to her boss, who pays big money for the concession.

Waiter-tipping is notoriously infested with petty graft. The waiter must often pay the headwaiter and sometimes the management for his job, and pass a percentage of his tips on to 'bus boys. Where tips are pooled and split, there is constant wrangling about the division. Cashiers participate; that is why they give change in large coins. All this does not make a pretty picture.

Management has excellent reasons for yearning to be rid of tipping. It hurts business. Tourist camps are taking motorists away from small hotels which charge no more. Hotels lose needed revenue because patrons, rather than be met by outstretched palms every few steps, go outside for meals and services.

Tipping also hurts employer-employee relations. Estimating tips as a basis for wage scales makes for constant bickering. The various kinds of chiselling keep the help

squabbling among themselves, which is reflected in sullen, sour service. Any manager valuing small labour turnover and self-respecting cheerfulness among his staff knows tipping is poison, and puts up with it only because everybody else does.

The word "tip" is said to have originated from the slotted boxes in English inns marked "T.I.P."—"to insure promptness." The very origin of the term indicates its black-mail aspect. Waiters have ways—a drop of soup there, a long wait here—of disciplining the stingy. Conversely, a waiter with high-tipping customers disrupts everybody else's service to favour his pets.

The better employees hate the bribe system. "We want to treat everybody nice as we know how," says Pullman porters. "The spender shouldn't get any better service than some sick man travelling in a sleeper because he has to, without a dime over his fare. But when the "Big Shot" hands you five bucks and says, "Boy, I want service now," he figures he can keep you running all day, no matter who gets neglected. We hate that. But tips are figured as part of our pay, and the pay ain't enough without them. So, what can we do?"

Tipped service is by no means the best. Airline hostesses aren't tipped and are famous for efficiency. Private clubs seldom permit tipping. The Longchamps chain of restaurants in New York forbids tips, and adds 10 per cent. service charge, and is famous for good service. Best service in Europe is in no-tip hotels.

Tipping is European in origin, but Europe is far ahead of us in getting rid of it. By law in Italy

(Continued on page 8.)



(Continued from Page 7.)

and Germany, by growing custom in Switzerland, France and Sweden, service charges are substituted in hotels and restaurants. Such an arrangement is fair, and it makes the patron comfortable, for he knows it takes care of everyone, both those he sees and the invisible chambermaid and "boots."

Think how refreshing it is when you leave a tip in some out-of-the-way country place and somebody runs out to the car: "Mister, you left a quarter on the table."

Americans would never stand for tipping and its servile implications if the system had not been gradually sneaked over on them.

### Mr. Con Says "No!"

Tipping is realistic; it faces the fundamental fact that only the man who pays is the boss. The waiter, bellhop or taxi driver is temporarily working for you. Yet unless an important part of his pay comes from your tips, you have no control over him. It is no more than right that the size of his pay should depend upon how well he works for you—with you as judge.

Under no-tipping systems, the patron's only recourse against sloppy service is to complain to the management. Most of us will not report every small carelessness or rudeness. Life is too short. Besides, we feel a formal complaint is too serious; it may imperil a man's job. So there is a wide gap between good service and neglect flagrant enough to evoke a squawk to the boss.

Tips are a sort of language. The standard 10 per cent. means "O.K.—no complaints." A heavy tip means, "Much obliged for swell treatment."

A low tip, or none, means "You're terrible. But I'd rather keep it between ourselves than tattle to the manager." Eliminate the tip and there is no middle ground between spineless acceptance of bad service and an open declaration of war.

Tipping works well when patrons have nerve enough to use it as a discipline instead of an automatic gift—when they refuse tips to the

inattentive, and when they send the waiter back for smaller change.

Longchamps restaurants are famous just because they are the only sizable enterprises that ever abolished tipping and succeeded—which show the general impracticability of the idea. In countries where the law has abolished the tip, the patron still tips if he is wise. Even Soviet Russia cannot wholly eliminate the tip. In Sweden, hotel employees struck last year to get back the old tip system.

At best the service charge is a pointless bookkeeping formality. What difference does it make whether tips are added to the bill or left on the table? Except that the service charge destroys the flexibility which is the tip's chief value to the customer, and on the average reduces the waiter's income. Many patrons tip more than 10 per cent.—enough of them to outweigh the occasional tightwads.

At worst, a percentage service charge inspires the waiter to become a high-pressure salesman on commission instead of a servant, which is highly annoying.

Tips are not as precarious a livelihood as they might seem; most service employees know almost to a dollar how much they can earn in a week—if they do good work. Which is as it should be.

True, tipping was rare in America years ago. So was good service, on the testimony of cosmopolitan travellers. Tipping is customer protection, and it is here to stay. States which pass anti-tipping laws soon repeal them as unenforceable.

Admittedly, the system can be improved. Hat-check concessions and kick-back arrangements should be attacked. Managements might well be forced to post schedules of wages paid, and state whether employees keep tips or have to hand all or part of them in. That way, patron and employee would know just where they stand. The public would soon stop patronising wage-chiselers. The customer would have some power to induce proper service. The employee would be paid in proportion to quality of service. What could be fairer than that?

—Readers' Digest

## Unsung Heroes

*The collar of his shirt was frayed,  
but it was clean—*

*His suit was worn, but it was neatly  
pressed,*

*His shoes were shabby, but they had  
been shined,*

*And when you talked to him you  
never guessed*

*That he'd been up and sleepless  
half the night*

*At the bedside of an ailing child,*

*There was a patient doggedness  
about his eyes,*

*Clear and blue, gentle, calm, and  
mild.*

*That he'd been out of work for  
months I knew,*

*And still he didn't rant or fume or  
curse,*

*"Things are bound to pick up  
soon," he said,*

*"Every nation has these slumps—or  
worse";*

*And he was on his way just then  
to help*

*To work the garden of a bedfast  
friend.*

*"I have the time," he smiled, "and  
like to do it—*

*Besides, it helps to bring the days  
to end."*

*When shafts of stone are reared to  
valiant men*

*Who do brave deeds within the  
spotlight's glare,*

*When eulogies are spoke to honor  
souls*

*Who make a name in some great  
world affair,*

*I smile within me at the very  
thought*

*Of unsung heroes from the rank and  
file,*

*Who fight their lonely battles in  
the night—*

*That they may face the morning  
with a smile!*





*The Late Professor*  
Sir THOMAS ANDERSON STUART  
M.D., LL.D., D.Sc., *The University of*  
*Sydney, writing of the famous HELIDON*  
*SPA said :*

I visited the well known **HELIDON SPA** near Helidon, Queensland, and I examined the Spa in its minutest detail. On the outflow pipe being removed a copious stream of bright sparkling in-odorous water gushed forth, and it continued to flow in undiminished quantity all the time that I was there—a period of some hours. On receiving the water into a tumbler, as it flowed away the gas bubbles rose freely, and on drinking it I at once recognised the taste so familiar to me as that of **Helidon Spa Water** sold throughout Australia.

I do not know any mineral water in Australia containing more than one-sixtieth as much Lithium as the Helidon Spa; it is richer in Lithium than the famous Buffalo Lithia Water of America, and, with one or two exceptions, it is richer than any of the notable lithiated mineral waters of Europe.



# Great Trainer Retires

Mr. Fred Williams and Some of the Notable  
Horses he Prepared

The sporting public's re-action to the retirement of Fred Williams has been one of surprise, and, certainly, regret. This shy, soft-spoken fellow stood for something forthright. He wasn't of himself spectacular; he was in the spotlight almost in spite of himself. Success didn't spoil, nor occasional failure sour, him. Nothing seemed to break through his reserve. Fred had the right temperament, and that, allied with his solid judgment and natural aptitude, placed him in the forefront of trainers.

In the years to come he will not be remembered only because of the great horses under his care, but also because of those gifts of personality that won him confidence and esteem.

Fred Williams was one of a family of seven boys, all jockeys, four of whom once rode in the same race at Ascot in Melbourne. He shared the thrills of other riders in the old days at Lillie Bridge, when it was known as Forest Lodge. From there he went to India, where he was very successful. Returning to Australia, he rode top-notchers, including Soultine and Pink 'Un.

Few persons, trainers and otherwise, have travelled more or have garnered more racing knowledge. Apart from extensive experience at the ponies in Australia, race riding in India and Australia, Fred Williams has seen racing in England, on the Continent, and in America. That great accumulation of knowledge and experience he brought to his work as a trainer. In the season 1926-27 he won over £38,000 in stakes—a record.



Mr. Fred. Williams.

The horses he has trained include such great ones as Epsom Handicap winners Greenstead (1920), Claro (1923), Vaals (1927), Chatham (1932 and 1933), Pantheon, second in the Metropolitan (1926) and the Melbourne Cup (1926), and Rampion, winner of the A.J.C. and V.R.C. Derbies of 1926.

Greenstead is the trainer's brightest memory. He admits having trained faster, possibly better, horses, but there was only one Greenstead. This game horse was the foundation of the Williams training fortunes. A cheap yearling, he changed owners several times, but he never left the stable. Greenstead graduated from Wyong to top handicap and weight-for-age class.

Mr. Williams bought Greenstead as a yearling for the moderate sum, in those days, of 100 guineas. A Queenslander, Mr. Don McInnes, first took a fancy to Greenstead as a three-year-old and prevailed upon the owner-trainer to sell at 700 guineas. A little later, Mr. Williams bought him back for 550 guineas, only to sell him again to Messrs. Body and Simpson for whom he won the Epsom Handicap and the Craven Plate.

No doubt Fred Williams' early experience as rider of horses of all types has stood him in good stead, for even the real test here, the preparation of imported horses, did not find him wanting.

Claro will be remembered as something of a problem, but he made good with a vengeance. His trainer recalls Claro's winning trial for the Epsom—7 furlongs at Randwick in 1.26. That was something to bet on, indeed, even without the knowledge of weight and shoes.

And now, while still in his prime as a trainer, those achievements for Fred Williams become "memories with yesterday folded away," but the old love for the sport will be kept kindled by his showing his colours as an owner.





## New Year's Eve DANCE

**Saturday  
31st December  
1938**

Applications for reservations are now being received and members are advised to book early.

## Mr. Wine and Mr. Dry

Time was when our surnames were selected with some reference to our characteristics, and, not infrequently, to our trade. To-day, for the most part, there is no such pleasing congruity. Carpenter is a parson, Clark is a butcher, Butcher is a grocer, Hunter is a shop assistant, Joy is what the Americans delicately call a mortician, and so on (writes a genealogist) in a London newspaper).

It comes as a refreshing surprise, therefore, to read that the band-master concerned in the Royal Oak court-marshal bears a name which I never expected any seagoing man to have—the magnificent, almost-too-good-to-be-true name of Barnacle.

Inspired by this discovery, I have made researches and come on some curious facts. I learned, for instance, that Baker & Co. and Brewer Bros. are both London caterers; that a London decorator is called Christmas, that there is a dental mechanic in Camberwell called Death, and an undertaker in New York called Coffin. Lady Parsons, I found, was once a guest at a dinner party where the other diners bore the names of Death, Coffin, Graves, and Tombs. A witness in a matrimonial case in Manchester not long ago bore the name of Cupid. In a village called Swine, near Hull,

there once resided a man named Hog who was a dealer in pigs. There is a well-known Fleet Street publicity man called Sells. And there is a large firm of London brewers named Courage—not of Dutch extraction.

Then there are names which are not so much appropriate as unfortunate. An alien organ grinder was fined at Willesden a few months ago for not having his name painted on his van. It then turned out that his name was Peter Stinkovitch. "The law of England is too much for me," he declared. "My name is Stinkovitch and I will not change him for any man." One of the best-known preachers and writers in Australia bears the name of Boreham, a libel at which so picturesque a preacher can afford to smile. A grocer in Peckham named Davies insisted some years ago on changing his name to Christ; and a man wanted in Paris as a witness was suspected by the police of insolence till he proved that his name was Judas Iscariot.

A search through the London Telephone Directory reveals, among other curious facts, a list of 7 Portwines, 8 Sherrys, 40 Beers, 1 Wine, 7 Stouts, 14 Gingers, 12 Ginns, 27 Waters, 14 Tees, 1 Coffee, 7 Coffeys, 5 Dry, 13 Drinkwaters, and 5 Booseys.

## The New SCHICK SHAVER

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Simply plug it into an electric outlet and get a quick, clean shave without injury to the tenderest skin.

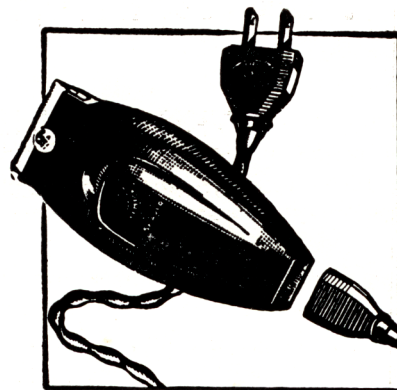
Stop the year-after-year expense of blades, cream, brush and lotion by investing in a Schick Shaver, which will actually save money for you and make shaving a pleasure—not a nuisance.

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## RACING FIXTURES

### NOVEMBER, 1938.

Ascot Racing Club . . . . .	Wednesday, 2nd
Rosehill Racing Club . . . . .	Saturday, 5th
Rosebery Racing Club . . . . .	Wednesday, 9th
Canterbury Park Racing Club . . . . .	Saturday, 12th
Victoria Park Racing Club . . . . .	Wednesday, 16th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) . . . . .	Saturday, 19th
Kensington Racing Club . . . . .	Wednesday, 23rd
Rosehill Racing Club . . . . .	Saturday, 26th
Hawkesbury Racing Club . . . . .	Wednesday, 30th

### DECEMBER, 1938.

Canterbury Park Racing Club . . . . .	Saturday, 3rd
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) . . . . .	Wednesday, 7th
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm) . . . . .	Saturday, 10th
Rosebery Racing Club . . . . .	Wednesday, 14th
Rosehill Racing Club . . . . .	Saturday, 17th
Victoria Park Racing Club . . . . .	Wednesday, 21st
Australian Jockey Club . . . . .	Saturday, 24th
Australian Jockey Club, Boxing Day . . . . .	Monday, 26th
Kensington Racing Club . . . . .	Tuesday, 27th
Tattersall's Club . . . . .	Saturday, 31st

### JANUARY, 1939.

Tattersall's Club . . . . .	Monday, 2nd
-----------------------------	-------------

## Ye Cricket Game

An American tourist writes home to his local newspaper:—

On my first Saturday in jolly old London I conceived a yen to see a ball game of the cricket variety. The hotel clerk told me about an important game at Kennington Oval. So early in the afternoon I went there. I had scarcely sat down when a (social) error was chalked up against me because I had tried to talk to the guy next me, never having been properly introduced.

Anyway, I tried to get the meaning of the solemn and slow movements out on the field. I gathered that it was an "over" or something like that. Then at last the pitcher or bowler got into position and the batter hit an easy fly right into a fielder's hands, which was promptly dropped. On the next pitch the same batter tried the same fielder in the same way, but this time the fielder caught it. The crowd clapped and shouted "Well held." They then pulled up the wickets and everybody started for home.

I thought it was an interval for tea. As I didn't want any I stayed around for quite a while. Finally a lonesome feeling came over me and I asked a guy who was cleaning up the place what had happened. He told me that Surrey had won by six wickets.

Use . . . .

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# Pool Splashes

## Club Racing Has Started—Olympic Prospects

Off to a good start the Swimming Club got a move on in the middle of October, and until the middle of July will race twice a week over varying distances for the monthly trophies and the piece de resistance of the season, the Dewar Cup, at present held by Dave Tarrant.

Believe it or not, but the members get more kick out of these races than they did when they were much younger and were battling it out for championships, and there are some of our members who were in the top flight not so long ago.

Dave Tarrant is off for his annual leave, and thus gives the rest of the Dewar Cup field a break, but he always comes back from his vacation so well that the others want all the breaks they can get.

The Club has lost a regular in Len Hermann, who is now permanently domiciled in Melbourne. No matter what the other attractions down South, we'll bet he will miss his dip in Tattersall's Pool.

Noted that Tattersall's Club member E. S. Marks, of the Olympic

Federation, drew the ire of sporting sections of the community some weeks ago when he stated that there were not more than ten athletes in Australia in line for representation at the 1940 Olympic Games.

Some athletic bodies claimed to have nearly that number themselves up to Olympic standard, but un-biassed observers are inclined to be a bit with Mr. Marks.

The question of what makes an athlete up to Olympic standard is a much debated question, but to many keen sportsmen any person likely to get into a final would possess the qualification, surely!

On that basis Australia would not possess Mr. Marks' ten.

A swimming official quoted quite a list, but at the last Olympic Games our team was sadly over-rated and burdened with passengers.

On last year's performances Bill Kendall would have a chance of reaching a final, and the only others in the race would be Percy Oliver and Miss Green of W.A. Even then one would have to be an optimist

to say that any of the three would have anything but an outside chance of being placed.

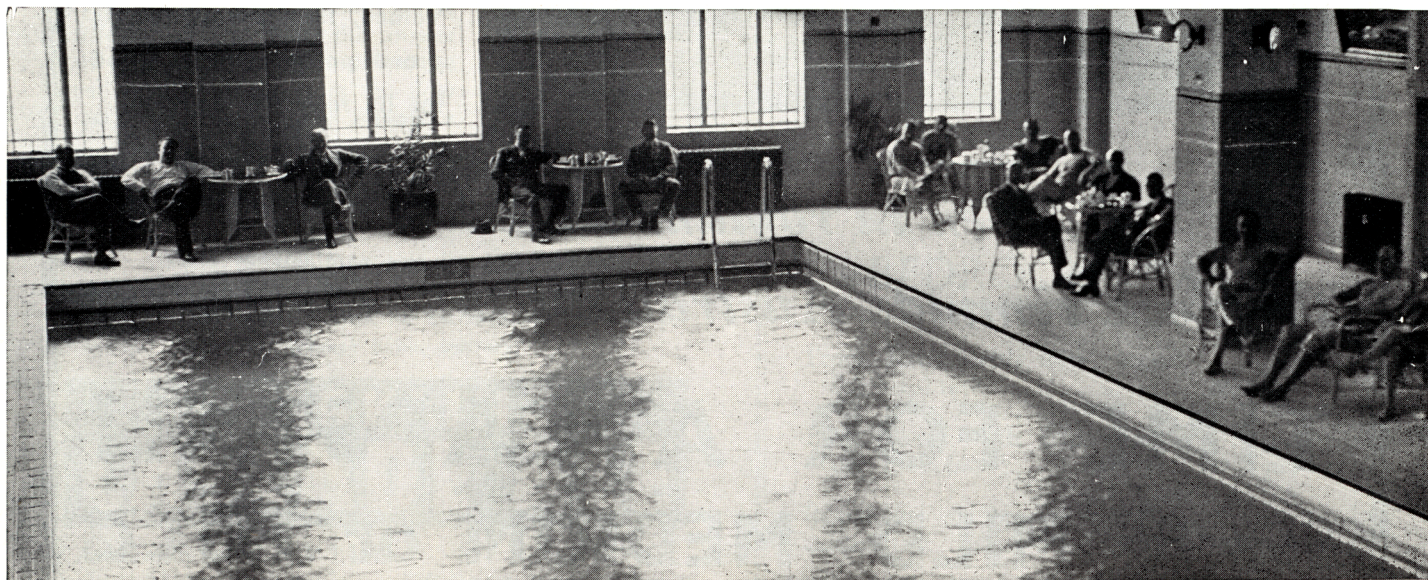
There are still two years before the next big contests and champions have been known to develop in far less time than that, so there's still hope.

### Club Races.

October 13th: 40 yards Handicap—First Heat: A. S. Block (25) 1, W. S. Edwards (22) 2, R. Nicholl (21) 3. Time 24 secs. Second Heat: G. Goldie (36) 1, D. Tarrant (24) 2, C. Godhard (24) 3. Times 35 <sup>3</sup>/<sub>5</sub> secs. Final: G. Goldie 1, W. S. Edwards 2, A. S. Block 3, Time 34 secs.

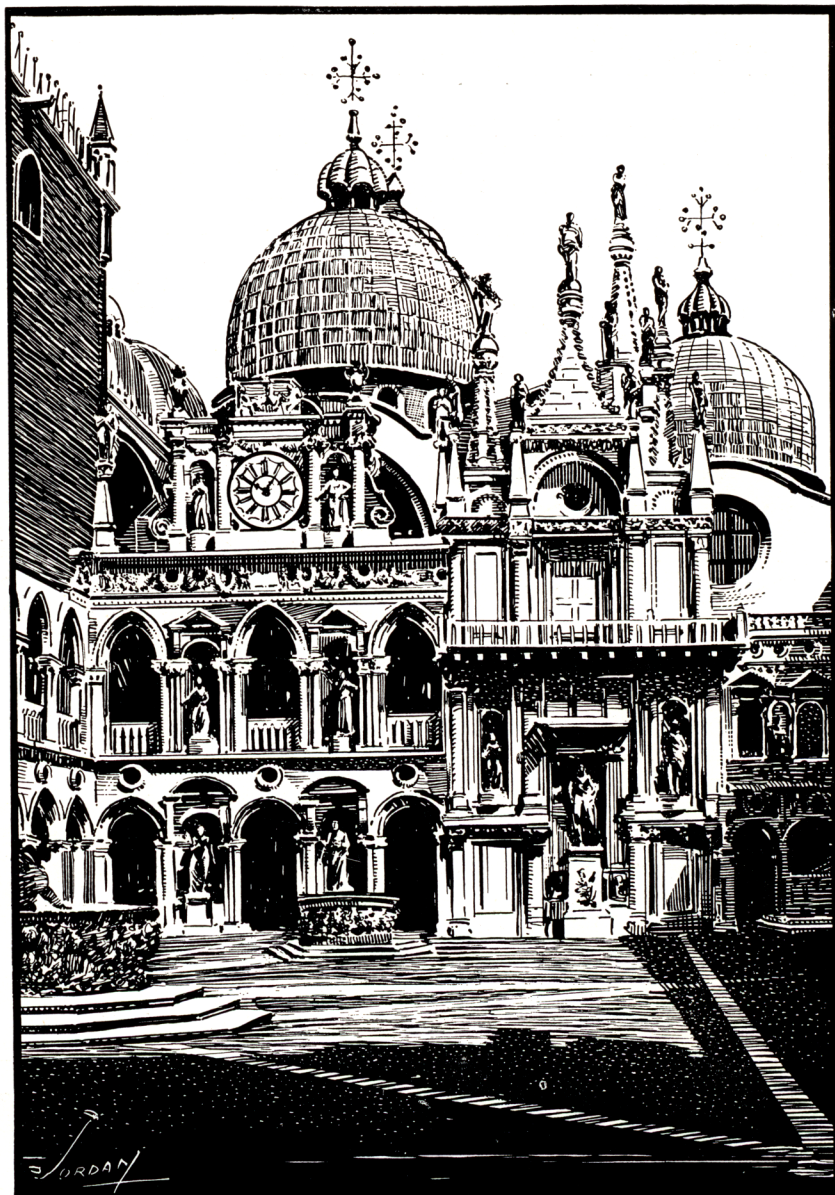
October 20th: 80 yards Brace Relay—J. Dexter and G. Goldie (59) 1, D. Tarrant and V. Richards (46) 2, W. S. Edwards and A. S. Block (46) 3. Time 57 secs.

October-November Point Score: Points to date are:—G. Goldie 16, W. S. Edwards 12, A. S. Block 12, D. Tarrant 11, C. Godhard 8, J. Dexter 8, V. Richards 7, R. Nicholl 7, W. C. Allen 5, A. Pick 2, I. Stanford 2.



*The Club Swimming Pool.*





## CAPSTAN CLOCK SERIES

VENICE.—In olden times many innocent men passed over "The Bridge of Sighs" from the palace of the Doges to lifelong entombment. The Doges wielded autocratic, terrible power. Venice, then feared for its proud pomp, is now loved for its romantic beauty.

*... even in romantic Venice a glance at the clock reminds Australians that it's always*

**TIME FOR A CAPSTAN**  
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# Plain and Fancy Snoring

(By a Physician)

Devoid of the slightest inhibition, I feel I should discuss that rather boisterous and effective disturber of sleep—snoring. There are more snorers in the world, it would seem—at least in bulk—than there are mosquitoes, but they differ in many respects. The insects may sound quasi-musical warnings, but the majority of tongue swallows send forth a series of rough, reverberating roars, with the tremolo stop pulled out.

These latter incidents occur whenever consciousness sinks below the waking state. I know it must be low because no one would indulge were he possessed of a conscience. When a typical attack begins the tongue flaps backward in the throat and serves as an accessory vibrator as long as the performer keeps his mind on his job.

The first signs consist of low rumblings with each inspiration, which gradually mount in power and resonance until the concatenations of sounds echo throughout the house. Until the "musician" settles down to main line speed there are frequent pauses and a listener may be lulled into a false sense of security. But hope is vain for, sooner or later, there comes a gradual increase in cadence, the tone rising a half step at a time until the range has drifted from low C to well above middle C. At this stake the tongue usually slides far enough down the throat actually to obstruct the flow of air, whereupon there ensues a

violent explosion accompanied by a loud snort. This episode frequently awakens the victim, who may utter several groans, a grunt or two, and then smack his lips as though tasting, in fond recollection, the hot bird of the night before.

The cause? First, mouth breathing. It is difficult to comprehend why the one who uses the nasal passages all day long for the conveyance of air will feel obliged to give them a rest during the wee small hours. But he does—and he permits his mouth to gape and thereby shouts his decision to all and sundry. Of course, in children we suspect large tonsils and adenoids, but in adults this situation can rarely be blamed. The true explanation is that the soft palate and the uvula vibrate, because of the partial vacuum produced in the nose when currents of air enter and leave via the mouth.

The unhealthfulness of the practice—for it is anything but hygienic—can be understood when we realise that sleep always is interfered with. Furthermore, the throat, tongue and mouth are always dry inasmuch as the inspired air is deprived of the normal humidifying effects of the nasal mucous membrane. As a result, it is obliged to abstract moisture from the soft structures within the throat.

The phenomenon is not all uncommon; in fact, it appears to become more and more noticeable after the age of 30. Probably every

one snores occasionally, but regular experts number one out of every eight persons. Possibly with many slumber is deeper—which means that muscular control is abolished as though the patient were under an anaesthetic. Then again it is worse when one lies on his back inasmuch as there is a greater tendency on the part of the lower jaw to drop.

Even though the tonsils and adenoids were removed from every member of the human family we would still have snorers. But it is a habit which may be overcome if there are no polyplike growths blocking the nasal passages. Some can learn to sleep on the right or left side with a soft pillow tucked firmly under the chin, which in turn will restrain the relaxed jaw. In other cases a band may encircle the chin and pass over the top of the head. Anything that will prevent the respiration currents from moving the soft palate will do the trick.

I often have wondered how many hours of sleep are lost through this accomplishment. In a city of a million there are 125,000 snorers. Let us say that each bothers—on the average—three persons for two hours each night. This makes 750,000 hours each day. Engineers have given us air conditioned rooms and we now sense a vociferous demand for soundproofed spaces in which these jaw droppers may rumble the night away.

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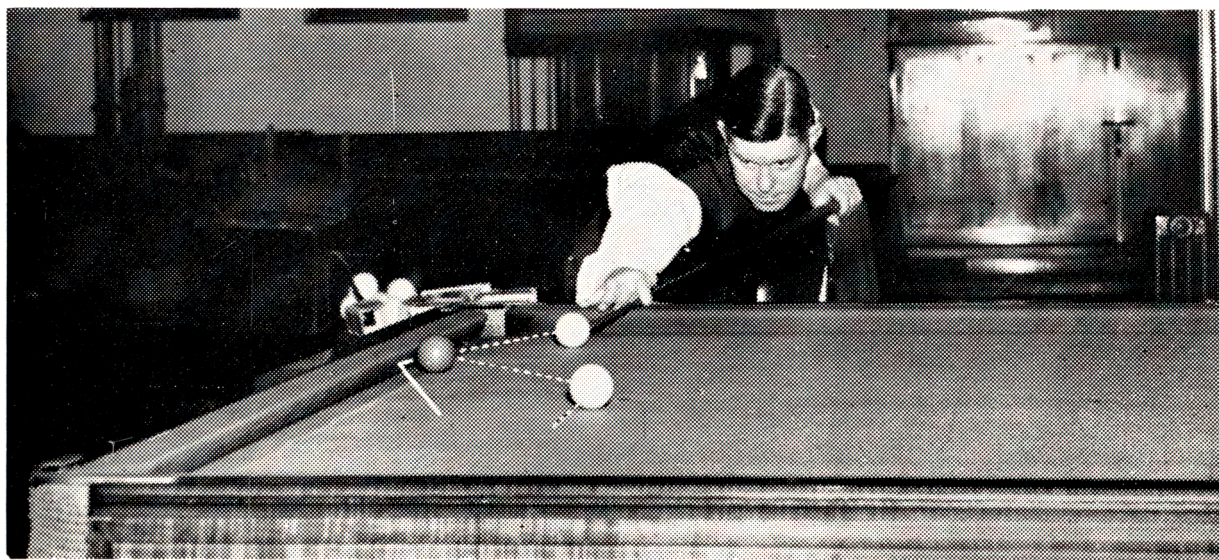


# Billiards and Snooker

Something new has just taken place in English billiards where the game is enjoying a great boon. Bank officials have formed their own club and will conduct tournaments in which only bank officers will be allowed to compete. Very aptly the new organisation has been named, officially, "Ye Banks and Breaks."

Conan Doyle recently forwarding to the Billiards and Control Council of England a cheque to be used for purchasing balls and cues for any club nominated by the association. The late Conan Doyle found time to play his daily game of billiards and recommended it to all his friends as the most restful pastime of his experience. Few people are

Young Lindrum is entered for both the British tournaments and also the "Daily Mail" Gold Cup handicap (snooker). In this event Joe Davis, Lindrum, Sidney Smith, Tom Newman and Willie Smith have notified they will start. Famous cartoonist, Tom Webster, is permanent handicapper for this event, and it will be interesting to see his



*Walter Lindrum shows how to gain easy position by utilising the top cushion to make a kiss cannon—very easy, indeed when the world's champion wields the cue!*

The foregoing brings us to the point regarding our own Club games. The annual tournaments having been finalised, members are now enjoying those friendly games which actually mean more to the individual than gain "in the pit."

Tournaments are a necessity as a tonic, just as competition is the spice of business; but friendly combat on the green cloth provides just that measure of relaxation so essential to the individual after a hard day's gruel at the executive table.

There is one point about billiards that makes it stand out from all other games. Almost every man has, at one time or another, tried his hand at it. That does not apply to, say, golf, tennis or other equally popular sports at which countless thousands have never tried their hand.

That fact is driven home by such occurrences as the fact of Lady

aware that the late creator of Sherlock Holmes was a cueist of no mean order, and, at one time, competed in the British Amateur Championship.

Members who have spent pleasant hours reading the works of Charles Dickens will learn with pleasure that he was a billiards addict to the point of having his own private table. And, so on *ad libitum*. Truth is that everything pertaining to billiards, the colour scheme and surroundings, tends to ease the mind and eyes which have become tired or require toning up.

## *The Game Proceeds Apace Overseas.*

The Australian championships having been decided and the championship found for 1938-9, attention is now being focused overseas where Horace Lindrum will uphold Australian prestige at both snooker and billiards.

estimate of the various players' abilities. Last year, Lindrum received seven points per frame from Davis, while the others were out among the twenties and thirties.

Melbourne Inman, so well known to Australians, has dropped out of the game feeling, as he puts it, that the time has arrived for him to take things a bit easier. He will ever be remembered as a fighter to the last ditch and a humourist almost without peer in the billiards world.

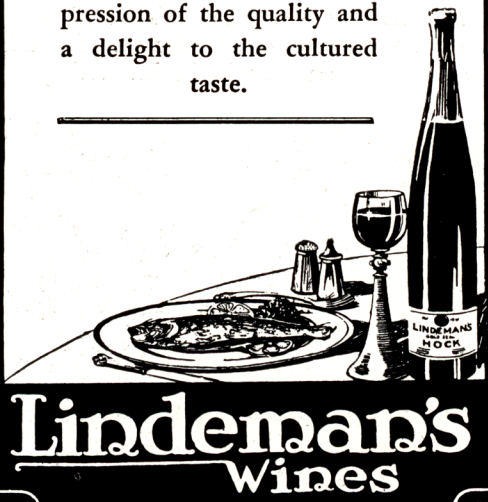
To hear Inman dilating on his escapades with his erstwhile opponent, Tom Reece, is to carry a smile for days afterwards. These two warriors never let up on each other, although they played in every country in the Empire and frequently many others.

Writer remembers one occasion when the duo met in Sydney. Reece had completed a run of 150 or so

*(Continued on page 20.)*



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- **THAT** you cannot find a more comfortable home than the Club when the family is away. Moderate rates, continuous service.

## The Mother State

*A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature*

SERIES No. 28



### SOME HISTORY OF HUNTER STREET

**HUNTER-STREET** is an historic thoroughfare. It came into existence very early in Sydney's history and has figured prominently in the affairs of this city ever since. To-day it presents a pleasing mixture of the old and new. Great buildings have been erected along it, while in other parts remain some of the old houses typical of the last century, in one particular instance a terrace of old-fashioned four-storied buildings near the eastern end of Hunter-street. In very few other streets of Sydney does one find this contrast of old and new so marked.

**T**HE story of Henry Parkes' shop in Hunter-street is too well known to require elaboration here. Sufficient to say that in the forties of the last century the man who was later to play so prominent a part in the affairs of New South Wales worked as a maker of toys in a little shop in Hunter-street. This shop has long since made way for a more modern building, but its position on the southern side of Hunter-street, towards the George-street end, has been marked by one of the Royal Australian Historical Society's tablets.

**I**T was in Hunter-street, at the intersection of Bligh-street, that the first church in Australia was built. The Rev. Richard Johnson was responsible for its construction. Coming here with the First Fleet, the Rev. Johnson was seriously handicapped in the performance of his duties by the absence of a church. For years he was compelled to hold his services in the open air, and at length was driven to the building of a church at his own expense. The site selected was on a rise in what is now Hunter-street, not far from his private residence, said to have been on the corner of Pitt and Hunter streets. The church was first opened for service on August 25, 1793. It consisted of two long rooms at right-angles to each other, one of some 70 feet by 15 feet and the other 40 feet by 15 feet, and was of wattle and daub construction with a roof of bark. It was burned down on October 1, 1798. From the presence of the church, we imagine, Hunter-street took its early name of Bell-street, while Castlereagh-street (which also intersects at this point) was known at that time as Chapel Row.

**A**T the present time a tall, modern building is being erected on the north-east corner of Bligh and Hunter streets for the City Mutual Life Assurance Company. The story of this site presents an interesting sidelight on the rise of values in this part of the city. In 1835 this site was granted by Sir Richard Bourke to one James Roberts, on condition of an annual payment to the Crown of 18/6 for a period of eleven years and "thenceforth 9/3 yearly until eternity." Another condition of the grant was that Roberts had to erect on the land within three years a permanent dwelling. So much for what we presume to be the first sale of this land—in a few years we find it sold for the sum of £4250. Five years later it was sold again, this time for some £10,000. In 1885 the Earl of Rosebery numbered it among his Australian investments when he purchased it for £12,000. It was a profitable investment, for he was able, three years later, to sell it for almost £20,000. It was purchased by the City Mutual Life Assurance Company in 1890 for some £22,000, and its present value must be many times that amount.

**A** PROMINENT and peculiar feature of Hunter-street during the latter years of the last century was the pine tree which grew through the roof of the bar of the Club House Hotel, which once stood on the south-east corner of Hunter and Castlereagh streets.



## BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

(Continued from page 17.)

when he broke down on a two-cushion cannon. Instead of leaving the table, he remained stationary and studied the pros and cons. Meanwhile, Inman had taken up his cueing position and was awaiting free use of the table.

After what seemed to be an interminable period, Inman walked round to Reece and asked in a most serious manner: "What are you waiting for, may I ask? Do you expect the balls to start off again on their own volition?"

Reece was equal to the occasion with: "Oh, are you my opponent? Up to date I haven't noticed you!" Spectators got a good laugh, and each player an outsize in scowls.

It's a great game, billiards. And, best of all, no matter what the banter, it gets across without ill-feeling. We live in an atmosphere of calm on the green cloth.

## Handball

Results of the games played:—

### "A" Grade Championship.

First Round: A. S. Block defeated F. Chilton; J. Pooley d. F. Lazarus; P. Hernon d. H. Cadwallader; W. A. Tebbutt w.o. from E. Pratt; K. Hunter d. C. Bastian; A. E. Rainbow d. I. Stanford; L. Israel d. N. E. Penfold; E. E. Davis d. A. J. Moverley.

### "B" Grade Championship.

First Round: E. T. Penfold d. G. Goldie; J. Buckle d. C. Godhard; N. Conroy d. B. Hodgson; A. Pick d. R. Pollard.

Second Round: J. Buckle d. E. T. Penfold; J. N. Creer d. J. Harris; D. Lake d. T. A. J. Playfair.

### "C" Grade Championship.

First Round: W. S. Edwards d. E. Rein; I. Green d. R. Colyer; J. Holmes d. O. Rheuben; N. Barrell d. P. Bookallil; N. Murphy d. C. E. Forrest; E. Stocks d. J. Patience.

Second Round: I. Green d. J. Holmes; N. Davoren d. D. Magnus; E. Bergin d. H. Robertson; E. Pratlen d. R. Morton.

## Lost Spanish Heritage

I write in bitterness, for I have been cheated. My heritage of longing has been destroyed by fat little men who sell guns, by stodgy looking fellows whose thirst for power is ravaging the earth of its laughter. . . . My dream of dancing and driving through a warm, singing land are gone, vanished in the smoke of a giant cannon, whipped away by the chill winds of hate, silenced by the screams of women, driven off by the stench of bodies left uncovered on the face of the sickened earth.

In all the world there is no longer a land where castanets will beat out their intoxicating rhythms, where the myriad stars, violet in a purple sky, snail twinkle, twinkle, like sapphires falling into a goblet of wine. . . .

I have been told of a small forest near Toledo, where pomegranates once grew, scarlet under the dry sun. If a traveller stopped here, and plucked one, and tasted, and wished a wish for Spain, it would come true. The wood is gone now, but perhaps there grows one tree untouched, springing up upon the sunny side of a hill. . . . Surely I must go, and cross the seas, and wander through the deepening twilight in that magic grove. And if I find a pomegranate, then all the ones who stood there before me will cluster around, and pray to the unforgiving stars to grant my wish for Spain. . . .

Some day a man in a trench will stand up straight, uncertainly at first, and he will sing a long forgotten love song and all the men around will listen and start to sing. Then they must throw down their arms, they must, and build again my dream of magic, and a spray of violet stars, and the blue streams of Castile. . . .

(John Hayden Kelly in the "Chicago Tribune.")



## GOLF CLUB NOTES

The last outing of the Club was held at Manly on 27th October, when the A. C. Ingham Cup was played for. The winner of this coveted trophy was Mr. E. W. Roche, a new member.

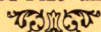
Mr. E. Vandenberg won the A. Grade Trophy, and Mr. C. O'Riordan and Mr. A. Bassar dead-heated for the B Grade Trophy. Mr. O'Riordan was lucky in winning the toss, and was awarded the B Grade Trophy.

Several new members were welcomed into the Club.

The proceedings at the "19th" were shortened a little to enable many present to hasten to other engagements, but such will not be the case at the outing at Concord on 24th November, when a large attendance is again anticipated.



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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

## SYDNEY

# Annual Race Meeting

**FIRST DAY :**

**Saturday, 31st December, 1938**

**The Maiden Handicap.**

A Handicap of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight 7st. For Maiden horses at time of starting. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £2. SEVEN FURLONGS.

**The Juvenile Stakes.**

A Handicap of £400, second £60, third £30 from the prize. For Two-year-olds. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3. FIVE FURLONGS.

**The Carrington Stakes.**

A Handicap of £1,000, second £150, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1938, to carry such additional weight (if any) as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10 lbs.). Nomination, £1; acceptance, £9. SIX FURLONGS. (Nominations close at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 21st.)

**The Novice Handicap.**

A Handicap of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have not won a race on the flat (Maiden Races excepted), exceeding £50 in value to the winner up to the time of running. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £2. ONE MILE.

**The Pace Welter.**

A Handicap of £400, second £60, third £30 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3. ONE MILE

**The Denman Handicap.**

A Handicap of £400, second £60, third £30 from the prize. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3. ONE MILE AND A QUARTER

**SECOND DAY :**

**Monday, 2nd January, 1939**

**The Hurdle Race.**

A Handicap of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeplechase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. extra. Nomination, 10/-; acceptance, 10/-. ABOUT ONE MILE AND FIVE FURLONGS.

**The New Year's Gift.**

(For Three and Four-Year-Olds at time of starting.) A Handicap of £400, second £60, third £30 from the prize. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3. SEVEN FURLONGS.

**The Nursery Handicap.**

A Handicap of £400, second £60, third £30 from the prize. For Two-Year-Olds. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3. FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.

**The Flying Welter Handicap.**

A Handicap of £400, second £60, third £30 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3. SIX FURLONGS.

**Tattersall's Club Cup.**

A Handicap of £1,000, second £150, third £100 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes, The Summer Cup, or The Carrington Stakes, 1938, to carry such additional weight (if any) as the handicapper shall determine (not exceeding 10lbs.). Nomination, £1; acceptance, £9. ONE MILE AND A HALF. (Nominations close at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 21st.)

**The Trial Stakes.**

A Handicap of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For Three-Year-Olds and upwards which, at time of starting, have never won a race on the flat (Maiden, Novice and Encourage Races excepted) exceeding £100 in value to the winner. Apprentice riders only: allowance as provided by Rule 109. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £2. ONE MILE.

**The Alfred Hill Handicap.**

A Handicap of £400, second £60, third £30 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 7st. Nomination, £1; acceptance, £3. ONE MILE.

**NOMINATIONS** for Minor Events for the above meeting are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney; the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle; or Mr. Gordon Lockington, 491 Bourke Street, Melbourne, before 4 p.m. on MONDAY, 19th DECEMBER, 1938.

**NOMINATIONS** for any of the above races shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force, and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound. Amount of nomination fee must accompany each nomination. If nominations are made by telegram the amount of fee must be telegraphed.

**PENALTIES.** In all flat races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

**WEIGHTS** for Minor Events to be declared as follows:—For First Day, at 10 a.m. on Tuesday, 27th December; and for Second Day, at 7 p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1938.

**ACCEPTANCES** are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows:—For all races on the First Day and Tattersall's Club Cup, before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 29th December, 1938, and for all races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 9 p.m. on Saturday, 31st December, 1938.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting, and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances.

157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

T. T. MANNING, Secretary.